THE
POETS ADDRESS
To the Honourable
Sir Charles Duncomb.

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Knight, and Alderman

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THE fair *Auguſta* of all Lands the Pride,
And Wonder of the Gazing World beſide;
The fair *Auguſta* heretofore could Boaſt,
Of noble *Prætors* at their proper Coſt:
Men Wiſe in Council, as for Wealth renown'd,
And with the Praiſes of their People crown'd.
Whoſe well-ſpread Tables Diſhes did adorn,
Equal in Plenty to a Potent Lord:
Whoſe Kitchins were no *Ordinarys* then,
To Treat at their own Charge the *Liv'ry Men.*
Who for the Dinner they had got at Noon
Pay in the Evening with a Silver *Spoon*;
As finely Guilt as Dr. Quack's fam'd Pills,
Which fills ſo many of our Weekly Bills.
They were not open-handed to receive,
But their ennobl'd Talent was to give.

And such is yours whose brighter Virtues are
Of the same Stamp, your Predecessors were;
I mean not those of a more Modern Date,
Who kept their Feasts upon a single Plate
Whose *Shreival* Board produc'd a Bill of Fare,
Nine Pence per Diem thro' the gaudy Year;
Who chew'd the Cud instead of wholsom Meat,
And thought it was Original Sin to Eat;
Lord! What a goodly Time had Cocks and Hens,
The Calves were safe within our *Smithfield* Pens.
No Foes from City Halls did them Invade,
The Butchers had almost forgot their Trade.
The Godly Folk deem'd every Man a Beast,
A Wicked Glutton, who proclaim'd a Feast.
The Bucks grew wilder and forsook their Mounds,
And quite unlearnt the Opening of the Hounds:
These Pious Times in which dark Plots were rife,
And Men Eat Fiction to support their Life;
To open Venison Pasty no Man durst,
For fear of Plotters underneath the Crust.
So cautious were they of preserving Life,
They quite forgot the Use of Fork and Knife.
Self-Preservation did Improve their Skill,
They'd use no Weapons which would wound or kill.
Still in their Food some hidden Mischief smoak'd,
They wou'd not Eat for fear they shou'd be choak'd.
Their Cupboard founder'd does to pieces fall
And Good Boil'd Beef becomes Apocryphal.

No

No racy Wine their duller Hearts united,
And honourable *Sir-Loyn* was Unknighted;
They were to any honest Mortals thinking,
Green Schismaticks in Eating and in Drinking.

Now Vilest Avarice usurp'd the Place
Of Charity, and Vice supplanted Grace.
Frugality's a Grace they ne'er did want;
For every Niggard was esteem'd a Saint.
That sober Party, who did others Mock,
And ne'er were drunk but on the Publick Stock,
At their own Tables are extremely Nice,
And make Good Eating an Enormous Vice;
Can when on Free-Cost gormandize the Best,
And feed as much like Gluttons as the rest.

But you pursue the Methods as of old,
When Men did use, not Idolize their Gold,
When City *Mayors*, and *Sheriffs* of Request,
Dissolv'd the Winters in continual Feast;
Whose Kitchins Heat did shivering Mortals Warm,
What the far distant Sun could not perform.
You on their Shelfers every Day might see,
The Nations Wealth in an Epitomy.
Nor only did our Dainties fill their Board,
But generous Wines Imported from abroad,
Their daily Revels and their Banquets crown'd,
Whilst fair *Augusta*'s Health went round.

If you when *Sheriff* did ſuch Feaſts prepare,
What will you do when once elected *May'r*?
If ſuch great Treatment from the *Sheriff* comes
We from the *May'r* expect whole Hecatombs?
The Sober Party ſay, you will undo 'em,
And ſad Example of Profuſeneſs ſhew 'em;
For ſhould you ever thus debauch their Gullets,
You'l make a Dearth of Capons and of Pullets:
We'll by ſuch Slaughters with Deſtruction meet,
And want both Beef and Pork to ſerve the *Fleet*;
Your Wine and Meat will cauſe a double Pain,
O'er charge their Stomachs, and diſturb their Brain.
For Wine in *Noddle* as in *Ship* is toſt,
And bounc'd alas from Pillow unto Poſt;
Caſt on the Rocks by Seas which loudly Roar,
And here diſgorg'd into the Common Shoar:
Wine makes Indentures, and what's worſt of all,
Makes the moſt upright Mortal downwards fall,
When tho' no Limbs are broke, or Sculls are torn,
It often Damage does to ſtrongeſt Horn;
For ſad Diſaſters happen in the Fight,
Where Head's too heavy, and the Heells too light.
Thus who's beholding for a Sumptuous Dinner,
Which turns a Saint into a very Sinner.
Who after ſuch Infatiate Wicked Poring,
Forgets the *Wife*, and runs to *Miſs* a Whoring,
Or by repleniſh'd Nature is beguil'd,
At his own Charge gets his own Wife with Child.

'Tis not for *Poets* to dispute Elections,
Or Troubles raise by Scandalous Reflections;
We for *Parnassus* chuse no Lordly *Mayr*,
Or ever vote to fill the vacant Chair;
Tho in this Age we Schismatick's are grown,
And would for *Claret* change our *Helicon*.
We love not Mony but to buy us Drink,
And always Mump for Paper, Pens and Ink;
With which, and of *Canary* a Good Cup,
Is a Good Stock to set a Poet up.
We know no difference twixt a *Guild-hall* Pole,
And those round which the wand'ring Stars do Role;
But yet we know th' Opinion of the Gods,
Who give the Choice to him that has the Odds;
Were we to Vote I certainly do think,
We should Elect such as would make us Drink.
Such as would give us Meat without Disdain,
The fittest Props to fortify the Brain:
Deny us such Assistance, Sirs, and then
Poets as stupid are as other Men;
They dully will the *Muses* Chariot draw,
As for Example, Brother *Elkanah*;
Who long Time has from Rules of Reason swerv'd,
And underneath his glorious *Pageants* starv'd:
Who mounts no higher than a few dull Speeches;
Not from his Brain, but voided in his Breeches;
And those the best upon a Poets Word,
He can from such Encouragement Afford.

How ſad's the State of every Mortal *City*,
A Dearth of Victuals, and a Dearth of Wit;
While we ſuch Good Accommodations want,
Old *London* is again turn'd *Troynovant*.
The *Muſes* State is ſettl'd not at all,
But like the Stocks, does either riſe or fall;
Sometimes we raiſe our Thoughts in Notes ſublime,
And half way up *Parnaſſus* Mount do climb;
But then deſcending with uneven pace,
For want of Ammunition quit the Place.
Time was, alas! but in the Days of Yore,
When *London*'s Soil ſublimeſt fancies bore,
When thence the *Muſes* did their Minions take,
And every *Prentice* could a *Ballad* make;
And Songs compos'd by *Poets* Grave and Wiſe,
At *Chriſtmas*, plenty were as *Chriſtmas Pies*.
But now to Learning we have no pretence;
Bankrupt in Trade, in Poetry and Senſe.

Will no kind *Magiſtrate* our Griefs redreſs,
And vouchſafe Life unto Immortal Verſe.
How awkardly ſhall we a *Chriſtmas* keep?
Our Muſe will ſlumber, and our Senſes Sleep.
If no Good Patriot at that time encourage,
Iſlands of Meat in Oceans of Plumb-portidge;
Which makes the Jolly Citizens rejoyce,
And tune their Throats in a melodious Noiſe.
Inſtead of Meat we now muſt ſuck our Fingers;
The Poets ſtarv'd, and whipt the Ballad-fingers.

If once in *London* we ſhould play the Fool,
Our Land is grown incorrigibly dull.
Now both the *Univerſities* are broke,
And can't afford the *Nine* one tuneful ſtroke;
Whoſe Songs of late on *Dryden* plainly told,
Their Wit is ſhrivl'd, and their Brains are cold;
No Verſe exalted, and no Thoughts Divine,
Th' Effects of *Water-gruel* not of *Wine*.
Apollo now diſowns 'em for his Sons,
And from their diſinſpired Manſions runs:
Yet would make *London* his moſt bleſt Abode,
Had he but Grace to entertain the *God*.
Here would erect his high Imperial Seat;
And as in Wealth, in Wiſdom make us Great.

It is reſolv'd, and by the *God* decreed;
The Times ſhall mend when *Dupcomb* ſhall ſucceed.
He Good Preſages gave of peaceful Sway,
And mark'd the Tract, where Virtue led the Way.
Enfeebl'd *Charity*, grown Stiff and Cold,
He brought to Life by ſhowr's of Liquid *Gold*;
His Bounty more Extenſive than the Sun,
Did not o'er Hills and lofty Mountains run;
But dark Receſſes of the *Priſons* warm'd,
And drooping Spirits with his *Bounty* charm'd.
He *Ludgate*'s Hell did Bleſs with Rays of Light,
Where Shackl'd Souls keep an Eternal Night;
Cag'd up like Birds to ſing the Infamy
Of *Creditors*, and their own *Elegy*.

These he let fly, and set upon the Wing,
Who now for ever will his Praises Sing:
In vain do Niggard Saints their Virtues Cant,
While they extensive Charity do want.

Methinks I see of his good Reign a Scene,
Tho with a Space of Twelve sad Months between,
In which *Augusta* is again in State,
Reviv'd in Pomp, magnificently Great:
In which her lively *Children* do appear,
Blest with such Features as their Fathers were.
Greaz'd with his Oyl, each *Bacchus* Cheeks do's shine,
Plump'd up with Bumpers of his Racy Wine;
To grace his Court the wretched do advance,
The Orphans Singing, as the Widows Dance.

Poets like *Batts*, this tedious *Winter* dwell,
In some retir'd and Melancholly *Cell*.
But like the *Swallows* will Arise and Sing,
At the Approach of his more fragrant *Spring*.
When *Duncomb* gives to Gladness a new Birth,
And like the Sun replenishes the Earth.

FINIS.